



B. H. B.

HVMORS LOOKING Glasse.



LONDON.

Imprinted by Ed. Alde for VVilliam Fere-
brand and are to be sold at his Shop in
*the popes-head Pallace, right over a-
gainst the Tauerne-dore.*
1608.







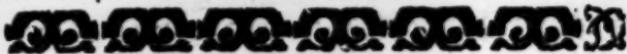
To his verie Louing Friend Master
George Lee.

E Steemed friend, I pray thee take it kinde,
That outward action beares an inward minde,
What objects heere these papers do deliner,
Bestow the viewing of them for the giner.
I make thee a partaker of strange sights,
Drawne antique works of humours vaine delights.
A mirrour of the mad conceited shapes,
Of this our ages giddy-headed apes,
These fash'ion mongers, selfe besotted men
Of kindred to the fowle that wore my pen,
Are at an howers warning to appeare,
And muster in sixe sheetes of Paper heere.
And this is all at this time I bestow,
To euident greater lone I owe.

Yours SAMUEL ROWLANDS.

A 2





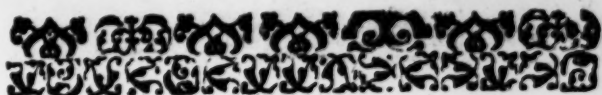
Reader.

AS many antique faces passe,
From Barbers chaire vnto his glasse,
There to behold their kinde of trim,
And how they are reform'd by him,
Or at *Exchang* where Marchants greeete,
Confusion of the tongues do meete,
As *English, French, Italian, Dutch,*
Spanish, and *Scot'sh,* with diuers such.
So from the Presse these papers come
To show the humorous shapes of some.
Heere are such faces good and bad,
As in a Barbers shop are had,
And heere are tongues of diuers kindes,
According to the speakers mindes.
Beholde their fashions, heare their voice,
And let discretion make thy choice.

SAMVELL ROWLANDS.

Some





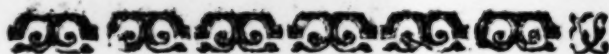
Ep'gram.

SOME man that to contention is inclin'de
With any thing he sees, a fault wil finde,
As, that is not so good, the same's amisse,
I haue no great affection vnto this.
Now I protest I doe not like the same,
This must be mended, that deserueth blame,
It were farre better such a thing were out,
This is obscure, and that's as tull of doubt:
And much adoe, and many words are spent
In finding out the path that humours went,
And for direction to that Idle way
Onely a busie tongue bears all the sway.
The dish that *Aesope* did commend for best,
Is now a daies in wonderfull request,
But if you finde fault on a certaine ground,
Wee le fall to mending when the fault is found,

A 3

Pray



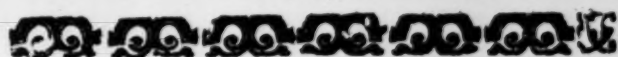


Epigram.

PRa'y by your leaue, make mouſieur humors roome
That oft hath walk'd about Duke Humphries
And ſat amongſt the Knightſto ſee a play, (tombe
And gone in's ſuite of Sattin eu'ry day,
And had his hat diſplay a buſhie plume,
And's verie beard deliuer forth perfume.
But when was this aſke Frier Bacons head
That answered *Time is paſt*, O time is fled
Sattin and ſilke was pawned long agoe,
And now in canuaſe, no knight can him knowe.
His former ſtate, in darke obliuion ſleepes,
Onely Paule's Gallarie, that walke he keepes.

Epigram.

CRoſſe not my humor, with an ill plac'd worde,
For if thou doeſt, behold my fatall ſworde:
Do'ſt ſee my countenance begin looke red?
Let that fore-tell ther's futie in my hed.
A little diſcontent will quickly heare it.
Touch not my ſtake, thou wert as good to cate it,
Theſe damned dice, how curſed they deuoure:
I loſt ſome halfe ſcore pound in halfe an hoare,
A bowle



A bowle of wine, sir ha: you villaine, fill:
Who drawes it Rascall? call me hether *Will*.
You Rogue, what ha'st to Supper for my dyet?
Tel'st me of Butchers meate? knaue I defie it.
Ile haue a banquet to enuite an Earle,
A *Phenix* boyld in broth distil'd in Pearle.
Holde drie this lease, a candle quickly bring,
Ile take one pipe to bed, none other thing.
Thus with *Tabacco* he will sup to night:
Flesh-meate is heauie, and his purse is light.

Epigram.

TWo Gentlemen of hot and fierie sprite,
Tooke boate, and went vp Westward to goe fight
Imbarked both, for Wens-worth they set saile,
And there arining with ahappie gaile,
The Water-men discharged for their fare,
Then to be parted, thus their mindes declare.
Pray Ores (said they) stay heere and come not nie,
We goe to fight a little, but heere by.
The Water-men with staues did follow then,
And cryd, oh holde your hands good Gentlemen,
You know the danger of the law, forbear:
So they put weapons vp and fell to swear.



Epigram.

One of these Cuccold-making Queanes
did graft her husbands head :
who arm'd with anger, Steele and horne
would kill him stain'd his bed.
And challeng'd him vnto the field,
Vowing to haue his life,
Where being met, sir ha (quoth he,)
I doe suspect my Wife
Is scarce so honest as she should,
You make of her some vse:
Indeed said he I loue her well,
He frame no false excuse.
O! d'ye confesse? by heauens (quoth he)
Had'st thou deni'de thy guilt,
This blade had gone into thy guts,
Euen to the verie Hilt.

Occasion



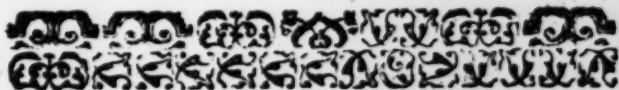


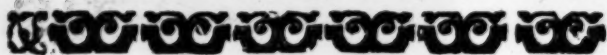
Epigram.

Occasion late was ministred for one to trie his friend,
Ten pounds he did intreat him y^e of all loue he would
His case was an accursed case, no comfort to be found, (léd
Vnles he friendlv drew his purse & blest him with tē pōūd
He did prorest he had it not, making a solemne vow,
He wāted means & money both, to do him pleasure now.
Thē sir (quoth he) you know I have a Gelding I loue wel,
Necessitie it hath no law, I must my Gelding sell,
I have bin offered twelue for him, with ten ile be cōtent,
Well I will trie a friend (said he,) it was his chest he ment.
So fectch'd the money presently, tother sees Angels shine
Now God amercy horse (quoth he) thy cre dit's more then
(mine.

B

Dice





Epigram.

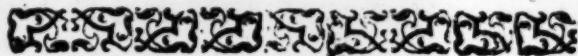
D Ice diuing deepe into a Ruffians purse,
Leaving it nothing worth but strings and leather:
He presently did fall to sweare and curse,
That's life and money he would loose together,
Tooke of his hat, and swore, let me but see
What Rogue dares say this same is blacke to me?

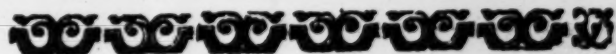
Another lost, and he did money lacke,
And thus his furie in a heate reuiues:
Where is that Rogue denies his hat is blacke?
He fight with him, had he ten thousand liues.
Oh sir (quoth he) in troth you come too late,
Choller is past, my anger's out of date.

Epigram.

A Kinde of *London*-walker in a boote,
(Not *George* a Horse-backe, but a *Gerge* a foote,)
On eu'ry day you meete him through the yeare,
For's bootes and spurs, a horse-man doth appeare.
Was met with, by an odde conceited stranger,
Who friendly told him that he walk'd in danger.

For





For Sir (in kindenes no way to offend you)
There is a warrant forth to apprehend you.
Th' offence they say, you riding through the streete,
Haue kil'd a Childe, vnder your Horses feete.
Sir I protest (quoth he) they doe me wrong,
I haue not back'd a horse, God knows how long,
What slaues be these, they haue me false bely'd?
He prooue this twelue-month I did neuer ride.

Epigram.

WHat feather'd fowle is this that doth approach
As if it were an *Estrege* in a Coach?
Three yards of feather round about her hat,
And in her hand a bable like to that:
As full of Birdes attire, as Owle, or Goose,
And like vnto her gowne, her selfe seems loose.
Crie mercie Ladie, lewdnes are you there?
Light feather'd stuffe befits you best to weare,

B 2

A Poore



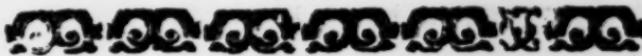


A deafe care, in a iust cause.

A Poore man came vnto a Iudge & shew'd his wronged
(state,
Entreating him for Iesus sake to be compassionate,
The wrōgs were great he did sustaine, he had no help at al
The Iudge sat stil as if the man had spoken to the wall.
With that came two rude fellows in, to haue a matter tride
About an Asse, that one had let the other for to ride: (by,
Which Asse the owner found in field, as he by chance past
And he that hired him a sleepe did in the shadow lye.
For which he would be satisfied, his beast was but to ride:
And for the shadow of his Asse, he would be paid beside.
Great raging words, and damned othes,
these two asse-wrangles swore, (for
Whē presently the Iudge start vp, that seem'd a sleepe be-
And heard y follies willingly of these two sotish men,
But bad the poore man come againe, he had no leasure thē,

A lolly





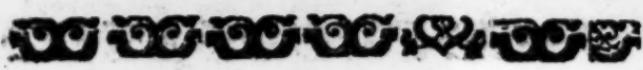
Epigram.

A Iolly fellow Essex borne and bred,
 A Farmers Sonne, his Father being dead,
 T'expell his griefe and melancholly passions,
 Had vowd himselfe to trauell and see fashions.
 His great mindes obiekt was no trifling toy,
 But to put downe the wandring Prince of Troy.
 Londoas discouerie first he doth decide,
 His man must be his Pilot and his guide.
 Three miles he had not past, there he must sit:
 He ask't if he were not neere London yet?
 His man replies good Sir your selfe besturre,
 For we haue yet to goe sixe times as farre.
 Alas I had rather stay at home and digge,
 I had not thought the worlde was halfe so bigge.
 Thus this great worthie comes backe (thoewith strife)
 He neuer was so farre in all his life.
 None of the scauen worthies: on his behalfe,
 Say, was not he a worthie Essex Calfe?

B 3

A Gentleman

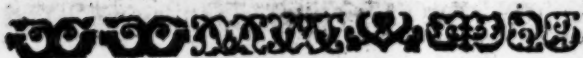




The Humors that haunt a Wife.

A Gentleman a verie friend of mine,
Hath a young wife and she is monstrous fine,
Shee's of the new fantastique humor right,
In her attire an angell of the light,
Is she an Angell? I: it may be well,
Not of the light, she is a light Angell.
Forsooth his doore must suffer alteration,
To entertaine her mightie huge Born-fashion,
A hood's to base, a hat which she doth male,
With brauest feathers in the Estridge tayle.
She scornes to treade our former proud wiues traces,
That put their glory in their on faire faces,
In her conceit it is not faire enough,
She must reforme it with her paintets stuffe,
And she is neuer merry at the heart,
Till she be got into her leatherne Carr:
Some halfe amile the Coach-man guides the raynes,
Then home againe, birladie she takes paines,
My friend seeing what humors haunt a wife,
If he were looke would lead a single life.

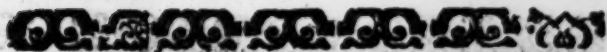
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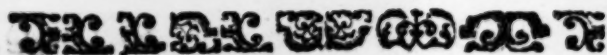




Apoore Mans pollicy.

NExt I will tell you of a poore mans tricke,
Which he did practise with a polliticke,
This poore man had a Cow twas all his stocke,
Which on the Commons fed: where Catell flocke,
The other had a steere a wanton Beast,
Which he did turne to feede amongst the rest.
Which in proccesse although I know not how,
The rich mans Oxe did gore the poore mans Cow.
The poore man heereat vexed waxed sad,
For it is all the liuing that he had,
And he must loose his liuing for a song,
A las he knew not how to right his wrong.
He knew his enemy had pointes of law,
To saue his purse, fill his deuouring mawe,
Yet thought the poore man how so it betide,
He make him giue right sentence on my side,
Without delay vnto the Man he goes,
And vnto him this sayned tale doth gloze,
(Quoth he) my Cow which with your Oxe did feede,
Hath kild your Oxe and I make knowne the deede.
Why (quoth my Politiue) thou shouldst haue helpe: it
Thou shalt pay for him if thou wert my father. (rather,
The

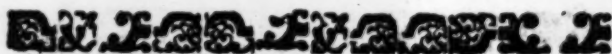


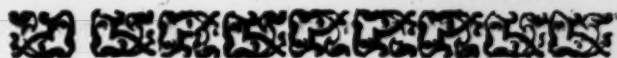


The course of law in no wise must be stayde,
Least I an euill president be made.
O Sir (quoth he) I cry you mercy now,
I did mistake, your Oxe hath gorde my Cow:
Conuict by reason he began to brawle,
But was content to let his action fall.
As why? (quoth he) thou lookst vnto her well,
Could I preuent the mischief that befell?
I haue more weightie causes now to trie,
Might orecomes right without a reason why.

Epigram.

ONE of the damned crew that liues by drinke,
And by Tobacco's stillified stink,
Met with a Country man that dwelt at Hull:
Thought he this peasant's fit to be my Gull.
His first salure like to the French-mans wipe,
Wordes of encounter, please you take a pipe?
The Countrie man amazed at this rabble,
Knewe not his minde yet would be conformable.
Well, in a petty Ale-house they enconce
His Gull must learne to drinke Tobacco once.

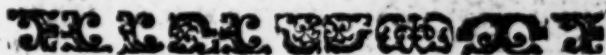


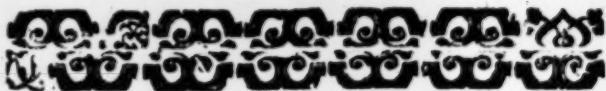


Indeede his purpose was to make a iest,
 How with Tobacco he the peasant drest.
 Hee takes a whiffe, with arte into his head,
 The other standeth still astonished.
 Till all his senses he doth backe reuoake,
 Sees it ascend much like Saint Katherins smoake.
 But this indeede made him the more admire,
 He saw the smoke: thought he his head's a fier,
 And to increase his feare he thought poore soule,
 His scarlet nose had been a fire cole.
 Which circled round with smoak, seemed to him
 Like to some rotten brand that burneth dim.
 But to shew wisdom in a desperat case,
 He threw a Can of beere into his face,
 And like a man some furie did inspite,
 Ran out out of doores for helpe to quench the fire.
 The Ruffin throwes away his Trinidado,
 Out comes huge oarhes and then his short poynado,
 But then the Beere so troubled his eyes,
 The countrie man was gone ere he could rise,
 A fier to drie him he doth now require,
 Rather then water for to quench his fire.

C

Come

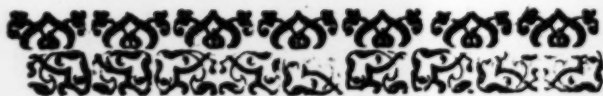




Epigram.

Come my braue gallant come, vncafe, vncafe,
Nere shall obliuion your great actes deface,
He has been there where neuer man came yet,
An vnknowne countrie, I, ile warrant it,
Whence he could Ballace a good ship in holde,
With Rubies, Saphiers, Diamonds and golde,
Great Orient Pearles esteem'd no more then moates,
Sould by the pecke as chandlers measure oates,
I meruaile then we haue no trade from thence:
O tis too farre it will not beare expence,
T'were far indeede, a good way from our mayne,
If charges eate vp such excessiue gaine,
Well he can shew you some of Lybian grauell,
O that there were another world to trauell,
I heard him sweare that hee (twas in his mirth)
Had been in all the corners of the earth.

Let

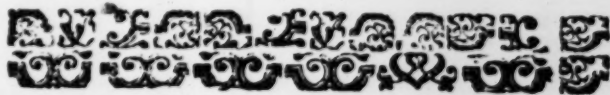


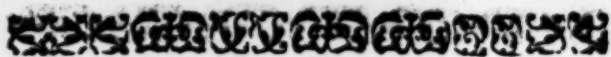


Let all his wonders be together sticht,
He threw the barre that great *Alcides* pitcht:
But he that saw the Oceans farthest strands,
You pose him if you aske where Douer stands.
He has been vnder ground and hell did see,
Aeneas nere durst goe so farre as hee.
For he has gone through *Plutus* Regiment,
Saw how the Fiendes doe Lyers there torment.
And how they did in helles damnation frye,
But who would thinke the Traueller would lye?
To dine with *Pluto* he was made to tarric,
As kindly vs'd as at his Ordinarie.
Hogsheades of wine drawne out into a Tub,
Where he did drinke hand-smooth with *Belzebub*,
And *Proserpine* gaue him a goulden bow,
Tis in his chest he cannot shew it now.

C 2

One toulde

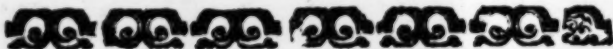


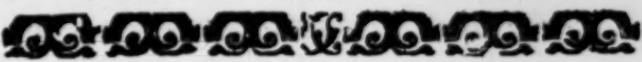


Of one that couſned the Cut-purſe.

O Ne toulde a Drouer that beleeu'd it not,
What booties at the playes the Cut-purſe got,
But if twere ſo my Drouers wit was quicke,
He vow'd to ſerue the Cut-purſe a new trick.
Next day vnto the play, pollicy hy'd,
A bag of tortie ſhillings by his ſide,
Which houlding faſt he taketh vp his ſtand,
If ſtringes be cut his purſe is in his hand.
A fine conceited Cu-purſe ſpying this,
Lookt for no more, the tort ſhillings his,
Whiſt my fine Polittique gaz'd about,
The Cut-purſe feately tooke the bottom out.
And cuts the ſtrings, good ſoule goe make a ieſt,
This Diſmall day thy purſe was fairely bleſt.
Houlde faſt good Noddy tis good to dreade the worſe,
Your monie's gone, I pray you keepe your purſe.
The play is done and ſooth the toole doth goe,
Being glad that he couſned the Cut-purſe ſo.
He thought to iybe how he the Cut-purſe dreſt,
And memorize it for a famous ieſt.
But putting in his hand it ran quite throw
Daſh't the conceite, heele neuer ſpeake on't now,
You that to playes haue ſue'd delight to goe,
The Cut-purſe cares not, ſtill deceiue him ſo.

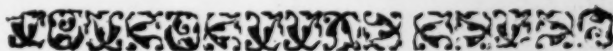
Dicke





A drunken fray.

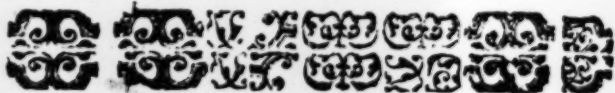
Dicke met with *Tom* in faith it was their lot,
Two honest Drunkards must goe drinke a pot,
Twas but a pot, or say a little more,
Or say a pot that's filled eight times ore.
But being drunke, and met well with the leese,
They drinke to healthes deuoutly on their knees,
Dicke drinke to *Hall*, to pledge him *Tom* reiects,
And scorne to doe it for some odde respects
Wilt thou not pledge him that's a gill, a Scab, ..
Wert with my man-hood thou deseruest a stab,
But tis no matter drinke another bour,
Weele into 'n field and there weele trie it out.
Lets goe (saies *Tom*) no longer by this hand,
Nay stay (quoth *Dicke*) lets see if we can stand.
Then forth they goe after the drunken pace,
Which God he knowes was with a reeling grace,
Tom made his bargaine, thus with bonnie *Dicke*
If it should chance my foote or so should slip,
How wouldst thou vse me or after what Size,
Wouldst bare me shorter or wouldst let me rise.
Nay God forbid our quarrells not so great,
To kill thee on aduantage in my heat.

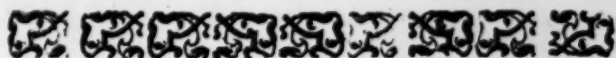




Tush we'le not fight for any hate or foe,
But for meeke loue that each to other owe.
And for thy learning loe Ile shew a trick,
No sooner spoke the worde but downe comes Dicke,
Well now (quoth Tom) thy life hangs on my sworde,
If I were downe how wouldst thou keepe thy worde?
Why with these hilts I'de braine thee at a blow,
Faith in my humor cut thy throate, or foe,
But Tom he scorne to kill his conquered foe,
Lets Dicke arise, and too't againe they goe.
Dicke throwes downe Tom or rather Tom did fall,
My hilts (quoth Dicke) shall braine thee like a maull,
Is't so (quoth Tom) good faith what remedie,
The Tower of Babel's fallen and so am I.
But Dicke proceeds to giue the farall wound,
It mist his throate, but run into the ground.
But he supposing that the man was slaine,
Straight fled his contrie, ship himselfe for Spaine,
Whilst valiant Thomas dyed dronken deepe,
Forgot his danger and fell fast a sleepe.

What's

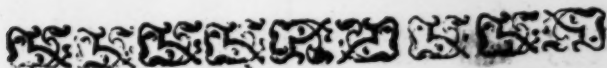


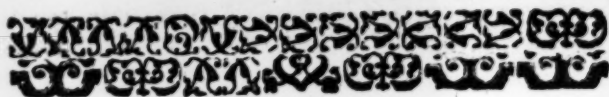


Epigram.

WHat's he that stares as it he were afright;
The fellowe sure hath seene some dreadfull
Masse rightly guest, why sure I did diuine, (spright
Hee's haunted with a Spirit feminine.
In plaine termes thus, the Spirit that I meane,
His martiall wife that notable curst queane,
No other weapons but her nailes or fist,
Poore patient Idiot he dares not resist,
His neighbor once would borrow but his knife,
Good neighbor stay (quoth he) Ile aske my wife:
Once came he home inspired in the head,
He found his neighbor and his wife a bed,
Yet durst not sturre, but hide him in a hole,
He feared to displease his wife poore soule.
But why should he so dreade and feare her hate,
Since she had giuen him armor for his pate?
Next day forsooth he doth his neighbor meete,
Whome with sterne rage thus furiously doth greeete,
Villaine Ile slit thy nose, out comes his knife,
Sirra (quoth he) goe to Ile tell your wife.
Apaled at which terror, meekely saide
Retire good knife my furie is allaide.

Time



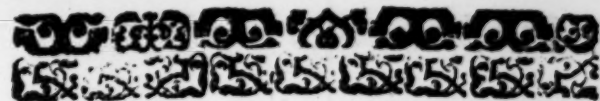


Proteus.

Time seruing humour thou wrie-faced Ape,
That canst transforme thy selfe to any shape:
Come good *Proteus* come away a pace,
We long to see thy mumping Antique face,
This is the fellow that liues by his wit,
A cogging knaue and fawning Parrafit,
He has behaviour for the greatest porte,
And hee has humors for the rascall sorte,
He has beene great with Lordes and high estates,
They could not liue without his rare conceites,
He was associat for the brauest spirits,
His galland carriage such fauour merrits.
Yet to a Ruifin humor for the stewes,
A right ground Captaine of the damned crewes,
With whome his humor alwayes is vnstable
Mad, melancholly, drunke and variable.

Har





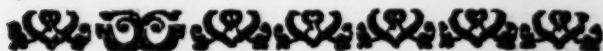
Hat without band like cutting Dicke he goe's,
Renowned for his new inuented oathes.
Some times like a Ciuilian, tis strange
At twelue a clocke he must vnto the Change,
Where being thought a Marchant to the eye,
He tels strange newes his humor is to lie.
Some Damaske coate the effect thereof must heare,
Inuites him home and there he gets good cheare.
But how is't now such braue renowned wits,
W care ragged robes with such huge gasily slits,
Faith thus a ragged humor he hath got
Whole garments for the Summer are too hot.
Thus you may censure gently if you please,
He weares such garments onely for his ease.
Or thus his credit will no longer waue.
For all men know him for a prating knaue.

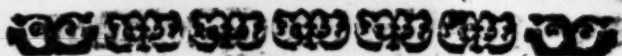
Epigram.

A Scholer newly entred marriage life,
Following his studdie did offend his wife,
Because when she his company expected,
By bookish busines she was still neglected:
Comming vnto his studdy, Lord (quoth she)
Can papers cause you loue them more then mee:

D

I would



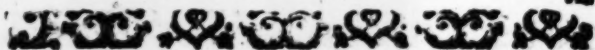


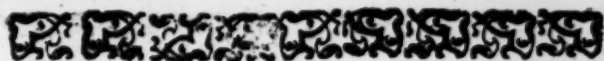
Epigram.

I would I were transform'd into a Booke
 That your affection might vpon me looke,
 But in my wish, which shall be it decreed,
 I would be such a Booke you loue to reede,
 Husband (quoth she) which books form: should I take,
 Marry (saide hee) 'were best an Almanacke,
 The reason wherefore I doe with thee so,
 Is, euery yeare wee haue a new you knowe.

Epigram.

Stra, come hether boy, take view of mee,
 My Lady I am purpos'd to goe see;
 What doth my feather flourish with a grace,
 And this same doublet set become my ace,
 How deferre doth this doublet for me appeare
 (I would I had my sure in house, such heere)
 Do not my furs pronounce a flint founde?
 Do's not my hole circumference profounde?
 Sir th' teare well, but there is one thing ill,
 Your Taintour with a sheete of paper bill,
 Vowes hee'll be paid and Sir: ants he had feed,
 Which waye your coming forth to do thy deede;
 Boy god-americy I my Lady say,
 Hee see no counter for her late to day.





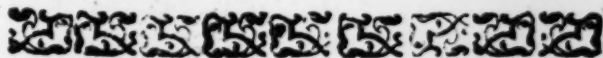
Much a doe about chusing a wife.

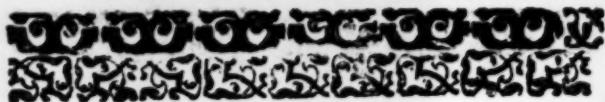
A Widdower would haue a wife were old,
Past charge of children to preuent expence
Her chests and bagges cram'd till they crake with gold,
And she vnto her graue post quickly hence,
But if all this were fitting to his minde,
Where is his lease of life to stay behinde?

A Batcheler would haue wife were wise,
Faيرة, Rich and Younge, a maiden for his bed,
Not proude, nor churlish but of faultles size,
A country housewife, in the Cittie bred.
But hees a foole and longe in vaine hath staide,
He shoulde bespeake her, there's none ready made

D 2

The

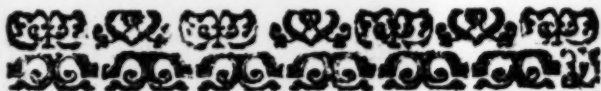


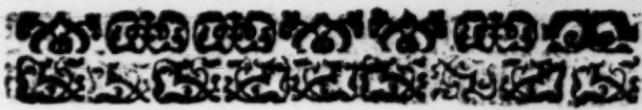


The taming of a wilde Youth.

OF late a deare and louing friend of mine,
That all his time a Gallan youth had bene,
From mirth to melancholy did decline,
Looking exceeding pale, leane, poore, and thin,
I ask'd the cause he brought me through the streete,
Vnto his house, and there hee let me see,
A woman proper, faire, wife and discrete
And said behold, heer's that hath tamed mee,
Hath this (quoth I,) can such a wife do so?
Lord how is he tam'd then, that hath a shrow:

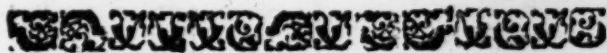
A straunge

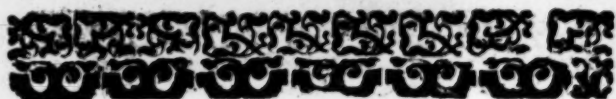




A Straunge sighted Traueller.

AN honest Country foole being gentle bred,
Was by an odde conceited humor led,
To trauell and some English fashions see,
With such strange sights as heere at London be.
Stuffing his purse with a good golden some,
This wandring knight did to the Cittie come,
And there a seruingman he entertaines,
An honest in Newgate not remains.
He shew'd his Maister sights to him most strange,
Great tall Pauls Steeple and the royall-Exchange:
The Bosse at *Billings-gate* and *London stone*,
And at *White-Hall* the monstrous great W' hales bone,
Brought him to the banck-side where Beares do dwell
And vnto *Shor-ditch* where the whores keepe hell,
Shew'd him the Lyons, Gyants in Guild-Hall,
King *Lud* at *Lud-gate* the *Babounes* and all,
At length his man, on all he had did pray,
Shew'd him a thecuisht trick and ran away,
The Traueller turnd home exceeding ciuill,
And swore in London he had seene the Deuill.





Three kinde of Couckoldes,

One, And None

First there's a Cuckolde called One and None,
Which foole, from fortune hath receiu'd such
He hath a wife for beutie stands alone, (fauiour
Grac'd with good carriage, and most sweete behaiour
Nature so bounteous hath her gifts extended.
From head to foote ther's nothing to be mended.

Besides, she is as perfect chaste, as faire,
But being married to a ieaious asse,
He vows she hornes him, for he feeles a paire
Haue bin a growing euer since last grasse,
No contrary perswasions hee'l indure,
But's wife is faire and hee's a Cuckolde sure.





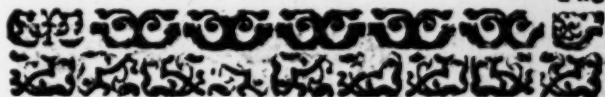
The second.

None, and One!

THe second hath a wife that loues the game,
And playes the secret cunnig whore at pleasure,
But in her husbands sight shees wondrous tame,
Which makes him vow, he hath *Misses* treasure.
Shee le with al whores were hang'd, with weeping teares
Yet she her selfe a whores cloathes dayly weares.

Her husbands friends report how's wife doth gull him
With talke deuisiue and dissembling shoue
And that by both his hornes a man may pull him,
To such a goodly length they dayie growe,
He sayes they wrong her, and he sweares they lye,
His wife is chaste, and in that minde hee'le dye,

The





The Third,

One, and One.

THe third is he that knowes women are weake,
And therefore they are dayly apt to fall,
Words of vnkindnesse their kind hearts may breake,
They are but flesh and therefore sinners all,
His wife is not the first bath trod a wry,
Amongst his neighbours he as bad can spye.

What can he helpe it if his wife do ill,
But take it as his crosse and be content,
For quietnesse he lets her haue her will,
When shee is old perhaps she will repent,
Let every one amend their one bad life,
Th'are knaues and queans that medle with his wife.

FINIS.



